

Half Life: Micromort

by Tramjam

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Summary: A Micromort is the micro-probability of death and in the dark hallways of Black Mesa, that possibility of dying is high for three different employees and their colleagues trying to escape the doomed facility. Rated T for language and violence.

## 1. Chapter 1: Personnel Inbound

Half Life: Micromort

Author's Note: *Half Life: Micromort* has been a pet project I have been working on for over a year and counting, constantly editing and tweaking it to my liking. The story is told from the perspective of three different employees (somewhat like *Pulp Fiction*) of Black Mesa and how they deal with the incident. I have taken care to research every aspect of the story to accurately fit into the Canonical timeline of the *Half Life* series right down to the exact timing. I have also given each character and side character accurate weapons and Npc's they are based off of from the *Black Mesa* mod. Each named character is based off of the lockers of scientists and security guards shown in various games expansions and mods. If you look carefully you might even find references hidden (or not so well hidden) in the chapters. So enjoy the story and be sure to comment and review!

Chapter 1 : Personnel Inbound

Subject: Anthony Murtaugh

Location: Tram 37a

Assignment: Security

Clearance Level: 3

Disaster Response Priority:

High: Welfare of Research Personnel

Secondary: Preservation of Materials

Low: Personal Safety

Anthony Murtaugh stepped off the bustling platform teeming with scientists and security guards and onto the cold metallic tram. Sitting down he waited for the inevitable voice of the tram announcer. Suddenly, the robotic voice came on and he echoed its greeting with an exaggerated tone, mocking the monotonous system.

"Good Morning and welcome to the Black Mesa Transit System. This automated tram is provided for the safety and convenience of Black Mesa personnel and visitors to the Black Mesa Research Facility."

Murtaugh looked around the interior of the tram. Two scientists and a security guard were encompassed around him. One scientist, with red hair that thinned towards the center of his head was looking over the Black Mesa Times in the far seat of the tram.

The other scientist, closest to him, a middle aged man who was 6-1 and completely bald, was giving the guard next to him an earful about the administrator.

Listening to the news conscious scientist was one of Murtaugh's favorite morning pastimes.

>" and that's not everything! I'm also fairly certain that I heard the administrator is in a very close relationship with a man by the name of "Jude Mossman"! It's obviously a scandalous homosexual affair!" <p>

Anthony had began to grow tired of the administrator's sex life. He had nothing against Breen anyway. But every time someone started to talk about a relationship, he would wind up getting depressed.

His last girlfriend Amanda had cheated on him with the facility's popular security guard Fernando Juarez, causing Anthony to go into a downward spiral of depression. He hadn't been in a remotely serious relationship since then.

Anthony remembered life before all the late nights on his shift.

His cousin Matt was the one who had referred him to Black Mesa. Matt was head of security in Sector E. He had showed up to see Anthony a few times after he was hired. Then there was the accident. One of the labs in Sector E had burst leaking Ethanol-Monoxide into several hallways. Anthony was supposed to be on his shift there. Matt took it instead to make up for the money he owed him. When the HAZMAT workers arrived several employees had inhaled the gas. Including Matt. The bodies were bloated and discolored when Anthony saw them hauled out. His aunt and uncle never forgave him for transferring his fate to Matt. It took a lot of convincing for him to stay at Black Mesa after that.

He wondered why he still worked here anymore.

Murtaugh leaned against the back of his seat and started to nap.

Subject: Roger Thompson

Location Sector D Offices

Assignment: Board of Directors

Clearance Level: 5

Disaster Response Priority:

High: Preservation of facility

Secondary: Personal Safety

Low: Preservation of materials

Roger Thompson strolled down the concrete hallways of the Sector: D Office Complex with an air of contempt. Most of the staff was slightly nervous today due to the experiment that would take place in an hour.

Several scientists were joking with one of the security guards. Thompson's eyes singled out the guard as he ushered in a sense of fear on those present. Roger decided to intimidate them to get back to work. Glaring at the guard, he taunted

"Richards, shouldn't you be guarding some donuts and coffee right now!"

The security guard muttered "yes sir" with a look of disdain, and begrudgingly went back to his post.

Roger took the opportunity to harass the scientists. "You should be at your peak level of maximum performance level today. Your jobs will depend on it."

Satisfied, Roger went on his way to his office.

Subject: Harold Cummings

Clearance Level: 4

Location: Topside Transportation Building

Disaster Response Priority:

High: Evacuation of personnel

Secondary: Cooperation with Authorities

Low: Personal safety

Harold stood in line at the checkpoint in the busy halls of the Transportation Bureau. The sunroof dome of the building shone vibrantly onto the crowd below. The faint silhouette of a man with a briefcase is seen on the second level above the hall where Harold stood.

In front of the crowds a pair of roads that hold several buses used to transport personnel to their dormitories are taking on passengers from the late night shift.

Nearby at one of the security stations is Security officer James Guthrie. Leaning over the security cameras he waves the next scientist through. To the disappointment of everyone, the pass codes are mismatched from person to person and the security personnel have the frustrating job of sorting them all out.

Harold hoped that he would get to work on time for the big experiment this morning. If he failed to show up on time the administrator would surely have his head. It would be like being in Harvard all over again.

The thought made him cringe. Sure, going to Harvard had easily gotten him into the Black Mesa hierarchy. But not without drawbacks. In the eight years he worked on his Post doctorate, the promise of Proton powered electricity excited the scientific community the world over. His initial experiments had opened a new field in Chemical Engineering. Hundreds of jobs were created in the first years of the study. Then that lousy manager Roger diverted its funding to cover an addition to the Area 7 Recreational Facilities. Presumably a gambling hall.

All their research was lost in an "accidental" flooding a few weeks after the announcement. Harold had his doubts about the official findings of its cause. He knew when someone was withholding the truth.

## 2. Chapter 2: Tension Mounting

### Chapter 2: Tension Mounting

Anthony was awoken by the slowing of the tram at the Sector C Anomalous Materials Lab. The heavy cables holding up the platform moved ever so slightly as the tram came to a halt. He always hated when the cables swayed. It made him feel like the platform would fall out from under him and drop into the seemingly endless chasm below. As usual, his friend Pat O'Conner greeted him at the station platform.

Pat was the kind of guy everyone liked and was well-respected. He knew just the way to get someone to laugh even on the most aggravating or depressing day.

They had been acquaintances in high school and went on to college together becoming the best of friends.

"Good morning Anthony! " He said beaming. "Right on time today sir." "Say , the Decathlon is this evening. Who knows? You might meet someone there tonight!" Pat teased him.

"Very funny Pat. Just because you're in a stable relationship means that I get to be the butt of all the jokes "Murtaugh quipped back at him in a half-joking half-serious manner.

"Alright I'll make it up to ya" O'Conner started. " How 'bout you and

I get a couple of beers and hang out tonight at the bar 'k?" Anthony pondered over it for a few seconds. "Alright man, we'll head over to the bar topside after our shift is over "  
>" See ya later " Replied O'Conner. <p>

Pat entered the code on the access panel and let his friend through. He walked through the security door to the right of the main blast doors and into the brightly lit miniature lobby of the Sector C Security Branch.

Roger Thompson sullenly waited for the Corporate elevator to arrive to take him to his office in Sector D Administration. With a slight screech, the elevator arrived at the platform and Thompson stepped into the carpeted floor of the elevator. He pressed the button for the third floor in Sector D. Before arriving on the third floor, the elevator stopped at the second floor. A sense of uneasiness flew into the cramped metal corners. Then it opened to let a man in a blue suit and a briefcase get on the elevator. He looked like a proper man of influence, probably a lawyer, or a government inspector. He must be working for the EPA, Roger thought to himself. If the EPA found out about the radioactive spills near Sector C the whole facility would be shut down. They stood in silence before stopping on the third floor. Roger started to step out when he heard the man in the elevator mutter " niiice placce you have here. "he hissed. "sure would be...a sssshame if something happened!" With that the man disappeared behind the closing steel plated doors.

Thompson thought to himself for a moment. Who was that man? Whoever the hell he was he gave Roger the creeps. He hoped the rest of the day went smoother than the encounter he just had.

Anthony made his way over to the registration desk where Logan Koomer stood scribbling names and locations onto a notepad by his computer. "Early again eh Murtaugh?" Koomer greeted him. He seemed to hate how Anthony was always awake each morning while most of the security staff relied on coffee every ten minutes. "Same old same old. Looks like you're going to be stationed at the Sector C reception desk again. Hopefully they fixed that blue screen today otherwise you'll have trouble working" he said with a grin. " Enjoy"

Murtaugh sighed. "Yeah, thanks."

Anthony went to the lockers and slipped into his gear minus one important item. "great someone stole my helmet again!" he groaned. "what am I going to need it for anyway" he whispered as he headed off to the Sector C Lobby.

Harold grew slightly impatient with the security system on the site. It checked over everything

more than 10 times before letting them through the clearance gate.

The security team meanwhile were trying to keep everyone calm while they wait for an IT person to debug the system.

A security guard was taking some heat from one of the scientists who was scolding him into oblivion.

Harold tried to listen in on what they were saying-

"I am telling you I am needed in the High Altitude Launch Center for an important analysis" The scientist was scolding him.

"I know sir we're doing everything we can but... we're only security guards not...shall I say...rocket scientists?."

Harold let out an inaudible laugh at the joke.

"Oh, You security guards are overpaid and over-hired. We don't need this much security in the facility. We pay far too much money paying you buffoons when we could be leading the whole world in higher technology by using money for more useful purposes. I doubt more than 1/8 of you guards even graduated from secondary school!"

This scientist sounds pissed Harold concluded. I wonder what is so important today anyhow?

"Looks like your pass is working now sir. Have a good one." He said reluctantly.

"You'll never hear the end of this Guthrie! Expect a letter demanding your resignation from the administrator when I arrive!"

And with that, the disgruntled scientist stepped onto a departing bus and left the terminal.

>Harold approached the guard who he identified as James Guthrie.

<p>

"What's his problem huh James?"

"I'm not sure sir. It seems the longer they wait here the more they reveal their true feelings about their job attitude." He replied.

As he finished the IT person arrived.

"Sorry for the delay, I didn't miss anything did I?" He greeted.

"No of course not" Guthrie answered  
>sarcastically . <p>

"Good. Now let's see if I can fix this."

### 3. Chapter 3: The Waiting Game

#### Chapter 3: The Waiting Game

Anthony sat at the reception desk shaking his head. The computer system was offline and he couldn't recover most of the files. A scientist by the name of Kliener had asked him to tell the new guy Freeman to get suited up and head down to the test chamber as soon as he can since he was running late.

20 minutes went by and no one entered. Abruptly, the blast doors opened and a scientist walked straight past him and started to walk towards the hallway. Anthony was reminded of the kids back in high school who snuck into class to avoid being marked late. he called out

to him.

"Hey mister Freeman!"

The man stopped and muttered "damnit!"

"I had a bunch of messages for ya but we had a system crash about, I don't know 20 minutes ago and I'm still trying to find my files. Just one of those days I guess. They were also having some problems down in the test chamber too but I think that's all straightened out. They told me to make sure you headed down there as soon as you got into your hazard suit"

"Really?" Freeman asked "Maybe I'm not fired. In that case let me show you what a genius I am and look at your computer"

A scientist next to Murtaugh responded saying "somebody's hidden my glasses again"

But Gordon, seeing that the scientist was wearing his glasses, let out a confused "ugh...yeah!" and turned back to Murtaugh's computer screen which just crashed into the blue screen of death.

"Let's see.." Gordon said looking at the screen. "Wait a minute this is a windows blue screen, and you're typing on it like you know what you're doing. You're not doing anything."

The scientist spoke up "let me help you" to which Gordon promptly told him to shut up. Gordon reverted his attention to the puzzled security guard. " You're just looking busy. That's your whole job isn't it? Looking busy."

Gordon tried to help the frustrated Anthony. "Look. You have to re-boot it. Where's the reset button? Is this it?" Fumbling for the reset button he mistakenly pressed the alarm instead.

Sirens sounded red lights flashed and the scientist shouted "It's happening! my horoscope was correct!"

"Well that's not it" Gordon said.

"Murtaugh?!" Murtaugh's superior shouted over the transceiver "What the hell is going on up there? Did someone pull the fire alarm or something?"

"Come on Gordon! what are trying to do get me in trouble?" He scolded Gordon.

"Okay you can all go to hell if you're gonna act like that!" Freeman said.

"Murtaugh? Murtaugh, come in?" The voice continued

"Yeah yeah I'm here." He replied

"What the hell is going on up there?" The man yelled.

"Uh yeah we had a little accident, sorry" Anthony said sheepishly

The man kept yelling at him. "Yeah? Well that better be the only accident you have up there today understood?"

Murtaugh put his hand on his head and sighed "Ughh copy."

"Damn Gordon" was all Anthony could say.

"See if I ever do anything nice for you again. Cause I won't." Gordon answered.

"As I expected" the Scientist mocked.

"What was that?! You tryin' to say something about me?" Gordon said spitefully at the scientist.

"Man I'll kill you! Prick!" Then Gordon went on his way.

Roger Thompson sat impatiently at his desk anxiously awaiting a report from one of Black Mesa's most renowned scientists, Dr. Heckler, who had a report of great importance to the experiment. But he doubted Heckler's message was life-changing. Besides, the man was always late to work any given day. For all he knew, Heckler could be on a one way plane ride to the middle of nowhere.

Planes.

Roger had always had a fear of flying ever since he was young. When he was about 5 years old his mother, who was a stewardess, was on board American Airlines Flight 191 when it crashed shortly after takeoff killing everyone on board after the left engine detached.

It had taken him years to get over it, but he had finally succeeded when he flew from Chicago to the Black Mesa Facility. It seemed like it was yesterday despite the fact it was over twenty years ago. Some wounds are best kept to oneself he thought.

His recollections were interrupted by his overseer, Dr. Wallace Breen. "Dr. Thompson." He said as if he wasn't expecting Roger to be in his own office.

"The uh...sample is being sent down to the test chamber for the experiment which has been moved to today."

"But what about the inspection team?" Roger asked "They haven't finished checking the equipment yet."

"Yes damnit! I know that!" Breen complained. "But we need to perform the experiment as soon as we can. I suppose Dr. Hecklers report can get looked over later. Besides, the experiment is about to begin"

The nervous expression on Breen's face as he hurriedly walked out of the room was strange. He acted as if his life was threatened. I'll ask someone about that later, he thought.

#### 4. Chapter 4: Alien Shit Hits Fan, fan fine

Chapter 4: Alien Shit Hits the Fan

Anthony remained at his post waiting for the day to end.

About 15 minutes went by when a series of explosions rocked the floors beneath them.

"It may have ended earlier than I thought." He realized.

Klaxon alarms sounded and fires started in one corner of the lobby. Screams could be heard down the hall and several scientists ran through the halls calling for help. Dr. Wood, one of the supervisors, stammered past the front desk but something was awry...

His lab coat was shredded and torn, and his khakis were clean but ripped exposing bruised flesh, but his chest...something was wrong with his chest...It seemed to be moving as if there was something beneath it.

Suddenly his shirt split open revealing a seam of what could only be described as...teeth. And his hands were deformed and lengthened into claws. More disturbing of all, was his head, which was mutilated into having numerous fractures of his skull broken into and brain tissue falling out from under some sort of parasitic thing controlling his body.

>Most horrifically, Anthony could still hear under a muffled voice filtering the chilling words..."Help...me!...I can't...see!<br>Please...god...help...me!"

He hesitantly pulled out his holstered Glock sidearm and regrettably pulled the trigger firing several bullets into where the poor man's cranium should have been. The disfigured man collapsed onto the floor, a mustard yellow blood oozed onto the crevices of the concrete ground.

He stood there mourning the man.

>Murtaugh whipped back to his senses. It was no use staying in a disaster zone. It was his duty to attend to the needs of the surviving personnel and escort them to safety.<p>

He looked towards the halls leading to the elevator. To make matters worse, there were more of those crabs appearing from out of green...portals into the facility.

This was going to be a hell of a shift.

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Harold was almost to the front of the line when a scientist came pushing his way through the crowds.

Cummings could hear the scientist's voice over the crowds bustling near the security checkpoint.

"Please, this is urgent! I need to see Thompson, a Dr. Roger Thompson! It is of vital importance that I reach him as soon as possible!"

Sgt. Guthrie walked over to the anxious scientist. "Sir calm down. We're trying to work out a system crash to verify everyone's I.D. and-"

"Identification?! You don't need to see my identification! The scientist ran through the throngs of workers, past the clearance center, and towards the door. He hollered "I must see him before-"

The grumble of an earthquake-like force shook the Transportation Terminal building to its core. Plaster and stone came crashing down from several spots in the room and a section of the ceiling smashed through the floor above and onto the panicked scientist before he reached the door.

"My god..." Guthrie exclaimed, " what have we unleashed."

Another security guard yelled " Everyone get down!" before Harold was knocked unconscious by a cascade of stone and concrete. He watched helplessly as a moment of pandemonium erupted in the crowds as people rushed over to the other side of the room and Harold Cummings' world went dark.

Meanwhile in the Sector D office complex, Dr. Roger Thompson had given up on meeting with Dr. Heckler, who had failed to arrive as usual, when his lamp began to flicker.

The lamp burned out. Then the whole room became dark. The offices around him began to undergo the same changes in a matter of moments. Sirens sounded. The Black Mesa announcement System came on.

"Unauthorized Biological Life forms detected in Sector C and ventilation systems." The voice of his secretary Ms. Charles crept into his room.

"Mr. Thompson? there's someone at the door waiting here to see you. I couldn't understand his name but he mentioned some sort of crab. Did you-"

Ms. Charles mild-mannered question was never finished as she let out a blood-curdling scream as some inhuman creature grabbed her and threw her down the adjacent hallway; breaking the alarms, turning the once vibrant third floor of the office complex into an ominous building of silent despair.

## 5. Chapter 5: Survivors

### Chapter 5: Survivors

Anthony ran around the hall firing shots at the alien crabs that stood in his way.

He reached the end of the hallway where three scientists were huddled cowering in a corner against the wall.

One of them, an older man spoke up.

"Well I can guarantee that the convention I was going to go to will be postponed or canceled indefinitely. Anyway, much obliged for your valor, officer...?"

"Murtaugh. Anthony Murtaugh." He finished for the man.

"Certainly, I am Dr. Gregory Foster." He introduced himself.

He turned to a women next to him " and this young lady here is Miss Marie Spencer".

She seemed to be in her early twenties and had wavy brown hair.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance" she greeted.

The third scientist, was a middle aged man who seemed rather anxious.

"I'm Marcus Rivers" he said "Now, might I suggest we cease this dilly dallying and make our way out of here".

Murtaugh agreed "There's one thing I've gotta do first."

They headed back towards the lobby and out the blast doors to the tram platform. The walkway was slightly damaged. Anthony looked over to the right of the door and sure enough there was Pat O'Conner, in a small pool of blood lying still.

"Do you know this man?" Dr. Foster questioned him.

"We go back a while" Anthony said as he checked for vital signs.

"He's still alive!" Murtaugh exclaimed.

"Forget about that man he'll only slow us down!" responded Rivers."

"I'm not giving up on him just yet" Anthony replied picking up O'Conner.

The sound of mechanical engines and a familiar voice alerted the four to the arrival of the tram. It's electric lights still burning brightly, it pulled up to the platform. Before Anthony could approach the tram, Marcus stood defiantly in front of his path.

"You're not going to carry that man out of here you fool, you'll get us all killed!" He growled.

"If you're going to be a problem you can take the next tram buddy." Anthony threatened as he pushed the man out of his way and onto the tram joining the others.

"Fine!" Marcus refused. "I'm going to wait for my colleagues and stay here."

"Suit yourself" Murtaugh said as the tram pulled away from the platform leaving Dr. Rivers on the damaged platform behind them.

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>Harold woke up in the remains of the Black Mesa Bureau of Transportation. Several of the walls had been blasted to pieces and the floor above him had crashed down above his head. He seemed to be trapped under the rubble.<p>

"Help! Can anyone hear me? I seem to be trapped over here." He

shouted.

He could hear people struggling near him and there was a crowd climbing out of the building.

"Hello? Hold on down there. This is Sgt. Guthrie, I'm gonna try to get you out of there!"

After what seemed like hours, the debris was removed from on top of him. The security guard reached down to help him up.

"I'm trying to get in contact with the facility to see if there was an earthquake." Guthrie told him.

Another security guard ran into the collapsing complex.

"I just overheard a distress signal from a security guard in the Sector C test labs. There was some sort of biological disaster down there...It sounds catastrophic. He explained to his comrades with eyes that seemed to stare endlessly at some unseen terror.

Upon pulling Harold out, Guthrie turned his attention back to him. "Well sir, you seem to be the highest ranking personnel here. What do you suppose we do?" James asked.

Harold looked around as a crowd of survivors gathered.

>He looked at the petrified scientists and the worried security guards. His eyes glancing towards the road as his mind started assessing the situation.<p>

"Split up into groups and scavenge for supplies and anything we'll need. Pack it onto that bus and tractor trailer, and meet up here in 2 hours."

"We're getting the hell out of dodge."

Roger sat motionless in his office waiting for the lights to return. To find this was all a horrible dream. Something other than this horrific experience.

He heard something coming down the hallway. Roger remained still, hoping whatever it was would go away. His heartbeat grew faster as the thing stepped into the room. Shaking profusely, Thompson couldn't take it anymore. Picking up a monitor, he threw it at the unsuspecting...security guard?

"What the hell man?! What are you trying to do anyway?"

The guard shone his flashlight on the desperate scientist. Thompson looked at the guard with embarrassment. He shined the flashlight back on his face. His forehead was bleeding but otherwise he seemed fine.

"DO- I - LOOK - LIKE ONE OF THEM!?" The man hollered at him.

"Man FUCK you!" And with that the guard left, returning the office to its eternal darkness.

Roger would have none of it. He ran out of his office and towards the light of the flashlight pleading, "TAKE ME WITH YOU! I'm the ONE man

who knows EVERYTHING!"

The reluctant security guard turned around to face his former attacker.

"Look, You can follow me, but don't throw something else at me or I'll shoot you in the face bitch."

The two went off further into the offices of Sector D, and hopefully towards help.

## 6. Chapter 6: Emergency Protocol Scenario 7

### Chapter 6: Emergency Protocol Scenario 7

Anthony watched as Dr. Foster and Dr. Spencer attempted CPR and pulse checking procedures on his friend Pat.

"He seems to have suffered a minor concussion, and a flesh wound on his arm" Dr Foster explained. If Dr. Spencer here can restart his heart rate he should be in the clear"

"Yeah IF I can get his heart to start up again" she corrected.

Soon enough, O'Conner started to recover.

"What-where am I ?" he questioned,"

"You're safe now Pat." Anthony told him. "But there's been an accident."

The tram continued its journey eventually ending up at a security checkpoint near the Area 9 Transit Hub. There were a few personnel huddled around a security monitor assessing the situation. Outside the station, several zombies lay bullet ridden. A security guard at the station pressed a button stopping their tram at the platform. Gregory and Marie stayed with Pat while Anthony stepped outside the tram. Stepping over the mutilated bodies of his former coworkers, he knocked on the door which opened to reveal two familiar faces and one he didn't recognize.

"Hey Murtaugh, good to see a familiar face!" the security guard greeted.

"Well, Mark Montague, it's nice to know we're not the only ones from the AM Labs who escaped from Sector C!" He said

Montague turned to the blonde haired female scientist next to him.  
"Oh, this is Dr. Isabel Stelly."

" I don't believe you met Dr. Pitchford." he said pointing to a middle age man on the other side of the room. He motioned towards the security monitors that Stelly was looking at. "Get a look at this." Pressing a button he switched the camera feed to a view of a security armory somewhere in the Sector B Area 2 Administration Offices. With the press of another button, Montague switched the camera feed to the inside of the Armory.

"Bingo, the mother load!" He whispered.

The room was illuminated dimly by the security camera screens

>giving the room a sense of safety. A long chrome table filled the middle third of the room. On it were multiple pairs of weapons and ammo. Murtaugh could make out 3 spas-12 semiautomatic shotguns, half a dozen Glock-17 pistols with multiple clips of ammo, and a desert eagle with 3 clips. Not to mention a few grenades.<p>

"I assume you're the only person on that tram who can use a gun?" Montague asked.

"Well yes, it's going to be just the two of us because they'll have their hands full with Pat O'Conner, he took a blow to the head Mark." Anthony answered.

"Doesn't he always?" Mark asked sarcastically.

"Anyhow," Mark continued, "Standard Emergency Protocol is to find the nearest armory and escort the scientists topside. We should go to Sector B and grab as many weapons as we can carry and haul them back here to distribute them. There's a service passage that will take us to the security station. If we play our cards right we should be able to bypass any more zombies."

They walked outside the security station to the waiting tram car where Doctors Foster and Spencer waited with the inert O'Conner.

"He seems to be responding well to treatment" Gregory began.

"But he needs rest to be able to fully heal or his condition could worsen." Marie corrected.

Gregory added "He probably should not be walking much either because it could put added pressure on his cerebral cortex"

"I told you they would have their hands full" Murtaugh told Mark.

"Well, Anthony and I are going to a security armaments room to pick up some weapons. Dr. Pitchford will be in contact with me via a Bluetooth earpiece. If you need to get in contact with me go over to the station and tell him."

"Well Mark, let's get going" Anthony said.

Harold, Guthrie, and a security guard who introduced himself as Derek Kooy, took off towards the Topside Motor pool to gather supplies.

Derek carefully opened the door to a garage. Shelf after shelf lined the walls in rows. Each row was lined with storage boxes. They split up going off to separate parts of the warehouse. Harold walked towards one and grabbed hold of a crowbar, which he put into a sack thinking it would come in handy. A few rows down, James scanned for supplies. A dog-like creature lay on the ground. It was yellow with neon blue splotches on it. Guthrie stealthily walked past the shelves and looked where its head should have been. But instead there was a

plethora of eyes. He backed away as two claws burst out of a closet behind him grabbing either end of his torso and pulling him closer.

>The shocked guard dropped his Glock below him on the ground, but he couldn't reach it.<br>"SOMEBODY HELP ME!" He screamed.

Derek ran into the aisle and pulled out his desert eagle and fired three shots into the emerging zombie.

Its claws let go of James as he dropped to the floor crawling away from the monstrosity who created more holes in the closet door until it burst, revealing the grotesque figure behind it.

Its once human host had had his skull broken into by some sort of creature that resembled a headless chicken with teeth on the bottom.

Guthrie reached for his Glock and turned around, stood back up, fired another bullet into it and caused it to collapse onto the floor at last. Harold came walking around the corner.

"Pardon me, I found some-Holy shit!" He said startled. "What in blue blazes is that!"

"I think that might be our biological life forms there Doc." Guthrie answered.

"As I was saying, I found something!"

>He continued.<p>

They followed him to a storage closet. He stood in front of the door with a sense of achievement in his stance and a grin on his face.

"Gentlemen, I give you...the break room!" With that he opened the door revealing a kitchen sort of room with shelves stuffed with food.

"Dibs on the cheese curls! Guthrie announced.

Derek packed everything in the room into bags, Harold found a push cart that he piled boxes of plastic wrapped food from the freezer.

James however, grabbed several bags of cheese curls that he started to munch on. They walked out of the building hauling their loot. The sky was clear and the sun beat down on them with a warm glow. A green portal opened up in front of them, releasing another one of the creatures that Guthrie had seen in the warehouse. It almost looked like a small dog, except for the fact that its face was just a mass of eyes. James froze in his tracks wondering what it would do. It looked at him. And he looked at it. Then it started to whine with a dreadful pain, causing Guthrie to stagger back and drop one of his bags of cheese curls, disoriented and dazed.

"Oh, I wouldn't have done that if I were you pal." Guthrie muttered. With the ferocity of an avenging angel, he lunged at the compound eyed monster, shot an entire clip into it and kicked it, sending it flying about twenty yards away.

"These are MY cheese curls and I'm NOT going to share them!" He bellowed.

His companions stood behind him stupefied. "What in the name of Newton's Law of gravitational force just happened?" Harold cried.

Derek just stood there mouth agape. "It's just a fu#\*ing cheese curl James" He mumbled.

Guthrie changed the subject."How about uh, we head back and regroup with the others now?"

-  
>"So," Roger started, "I don't think we were properly introduced."<p>

"I'm Louis Jackson, but friends call me Louis." He said.

"I'm Roger, Roger Thompson, Perhaps you've heard of me? I'm one of the board of directors and head of the Committee to Research Possible Consequences in Teleportation."

"Helleva damn job you did man" Lois chuckled.

"Don't blame me for this disaster, I tried to warn them" He lied thinking back on what Dr. Heckler might have told him.

"I think there's an elevator on the other side of these Administrative offices." Louis Remembered.

The hallways seemed deserted as if all life was void here. Louis turned a corner shining his flashlight at something that made him cry out in terror.

Suspended above a pool of blood was Ms. Charles; disemboweled through the torso after getting caught on the fire alarm. Her face had been peeled away by some brutal creature with awesome force.

"My...god" Louis uttered. "What the hell happened to her?"

"This seems to be the work of some sort of squid faced monster" Roger theorized.

"Ya mean like that Eldritch Abomination thing?" Louis asked.

"Perhaps" Thompson answered.

>"I suggest we get moving towards the elevator before that thing comes back."<p>

Louis agreed. "Good idea Doc."

The duo continued through the offices. Passing by the cubicles, they noticed several more mutilated bodies in the same manner.

"Man, this place is giving' me the heebie jeebies" Louis broke.

"Quiet! I hear something!" Roger hissed.

Arriving at the office of the head administrator Dr. Wallace Breen, they looked in to the mess of an office. Papers were scattered all over the room, and several of the crab creatures lie dead on the floor.

A figure moved from behind a storage closet. It was Breen. He pulled out a prototype weapon, pointed at the ceiling and muttered

"These meddling employers and their bureaucratic lackey forcing me to comply with their indescribable schemes. We'll show them what happens when one tampers with humanity. That is not a threat but rather a promise."

With that a green orb bathed the office with light and in a flash, he was gone.

"Looks like Breen was out of his mind after all" Louis observed.

Roger just looked at him and glared. " I don't want to talk about it."

They left the Administrators office and continued searching for the elevator for another hour before they arrived at another cubicle section. Only something was different. The room smelled awful not unlike the others, but it seemed suspicious.

"You sure this is the right way  
>Louis?" Roger questioned.<p>

"I'm positive Mr. Thompson." He answered. They went through the dark the pitch black of the cubicles. Roger looked around. He was sure he saw something out of the corner of his eye.

A strange sound drifted from behind them. A gut wrenching grunt sounded from one corner of the room. "Blaaaaarrreggg" they heard another from the opposite side. A muffled hoarse breathing was clearly audible behind them. A shuffling of footsteps staggered towards them from all sides. Louis clicked on his flash light to find that they were about to be surrounded by at least 13 zombified former scientists and several ex-security guards in a matter of seconds! He yelled to Roger, "Grab whatever you can and kill these things!"

"This situation is unreal Louis!" Roger hollered back as he picked up a rusty pipe from the floor, while Louis grabbed a baseball bat from out of a glass case in an office.

>"I'll attack the front and you attack the ones behind!" Louis ordered.<p>

Then they charged.

## 7. Chapter 7: Emergency Overidden

### Chapter 7: Emergency Overidden

Mark Montague and Anthony Murtaugh left the group behind and headed for the armory.

Mark took a security card and slid it into the port for the service passage.

>Inside, dim lights illuminated the desolate corridors with an ominous sense of foreboding terror.<p>

"Well," Anthony said "Age before beauty right?"

"I'll remember that next time Murtaugh!" said Montague.

Montague stepped inside the corridor with Anthony close behind him. Mark attached a flash light to his desert eagle, while Murtaugh snapped on a laser sight to the bottom of his Glock.

The two strolled down the hallway cautiously checking each door and corner for Hostiles. Reaching a cross road, Mark radioed Dr. Pitchford. "Doc, we've got two paths to choose from. Where are we going?" Pitchford contacted him. "According to the blueprints in the computer system, the route on the right should take you straight towards the armory." "Thanks Doc" Mark said. "This way Murtaugh" he directed. They took the passage to the right.

A green orb bathed the dim corridor with an eerie glow, and a mysterious shadow was cast upon the wall. The figure was clearly bipedal, but with a third appendage attached to its torso and a serpentine head towered over its slim hunched frame.

"Maybe it's friendly" Anthony suggested. "I wouldn't count on it" Montague responded. He peered around the corner of the corridor. It had three red eyes and seemed to be in shackles. Then, it spun around and with its three clawed hands, conjured a green orb of electricity which it shot at Mark, barely missing his head. He dodged its attack and unleashed a volley of small arms fire upon the slave.

Three more of them teleported into the corridor. The guards scampered towards cover and lay down suppressive fire at the aliens. Anthony set his Glock's laser sight at the electric wielding aliens and fired several bullets into the head of one of them, causing it to wriggle in pain screeching and gurgling as it died. Montague loaded a new clip into his desert eagle and rolled to face the other vortigaunts. Aiming at one of them, he fired several bullets into its head. Anthony reached for a new clip for his Glock only to find he was empty.

"I'm out!"

He announced to Mark, who took it upon himself to take out the last vort. Soon the aliens were dead and Mark radioed Pitchford again.

"What's the access code for this armory Doc?" He asked.

"If the security system is correct the code should still be..."

There was a pause.

"Spit it out Doc what is it?"

>Montague implored.<p>

" It appears the code is 1-2-3-4-5" the scientist continued.

"What kind of moron uses that code?" Montague remarked in disbelief.

"Actually, "Anthony spoke up, "That's the code for my dorm room."

"God help us we're in the hands of idiots!" Mark lamented.

"Moving on" Dr. Pitchford resumed.

"There should be a blast door at the end of this hallway. This is the maintenance access to Sector D. after going through that door there will be a door on three sides of the hall. The door on the left is the armory."

Anthony and Mark walked over to the Sector D Maintenance door and it opened revealing the hall with a door In front of them, a door to the left of them, and a door to the right.

They approached the left door and Anthony opened it. The room was flooded in sewage and was clearly not an armory. The two held their noses and hurried out the door which they came in.

"That was definitely not the right door Doctor!" Mark scolded.

"Oh dear! I'm terribly sorry I must have been looking at the map the wrong way." Pitchford apologized.

"Alright then what is the correct door then huh?" Montague asked. "It should be the door on the right Mark" Pitchford said correcting himself.

Anthony punched the code into the access panel.

>"Access Granted." It said. The door opened revealing a room outfitted with weapons. There was a chrome table in the center of the room filled with several types of firearms. Murtaugh walked over to the table and picked up a Spas-12 shotgun, which he strung over his shoulder with a strap, and four boxes of ammo. He grabbed three grenades, stuffed them in his pocket and took more clips for his Glock; which he reloaded. Mark reloaded his desert eagle after getting more clips and grabbed a Colt Python revolver and five grenades. He then packed everything else into a burlap bag and checked in with Pitchford.<p>

"Alright Doc, we got the arms we should get back at the station in 10 minutes."

"Very good. I was listening to a transmission from one of the scientists in the Level 1 Main Facility Lobby. He said that the military is on their way to rescue us. Some of the personnel are taking matters into their own hands and leaving from the front entrance, but he thinks they're insane not to wait for the rescue team." He replied.

"I'll contact you when we're almost back Doc." Mark said.

They started to make their way out from Sector D when more of the electricity shooting aliens teleported in front of them. Anthony was

quick to react. Pulling out his Spas-12, he shot them full of shells before they had turned around.

They reached the door out of Sector D and found that it wouldn't budge.

"Dammit! Where do we go now?" Murtaugh moaned.

Montague routinely contacted Dr. Pitchford. "Doc it seems the door out of Sector D has been deactivated and the phones are still out. Do you think you can debug them?"

"I can but I'll need to recompile all the doors in the Sector. This will take about 18 to 20 minutes to finish. Some minor systems might go on and off."

>He answered.<p>

Half an hour went by and the door still wouldn't open.

"Could this get any worse?"

>Anthony groaned.<p>

Finally, Pitchford responded back.

"Mark, I'm going to have to cut this short. First and foremost, I've been watching the security screens of the main lobby. It seems that the military is executing the surviving personnel. Our own race turned against us! Soldiers are on their way here now and I don't know how much longer we can wait to discuss how to evade them. Which brings me to my second point. Seeing as we didn't have much time and I'm still trying to finish debugging the door, I sent the others on the tram to the old Southwest access tunnel on the other end of the facility near the freight yard. As for me I'm going to stay here and finish debugging the system. I know that the soldiers will not hesitate to kill me. "

"Doc get yourself out of there while you can. We'll find another way out."

>Mark pleaded.<p>

"Forget about it. I've debugged the phones and re-locked the door to slow them down. Not a moment too soon. Mark, Anthony, it's been a privilege to know you. Over and out."

The signal suddenly went dead and so was the valiant Doctor Pitchford.

Harold Cummings, James Guthrie and Derek Kooy gathered at the ruins of the Black Mesa Bureau of Transportation. The staff had already returned. Harold looked over the supplies scavenged from the area. 12 barrels of gas, 14 stacks of food from a storage freezer, a stockpile of weapons, 4 bags of pillows and blankets, 3 sofas, a vending machine, 12 radios, 8 computers, 5 TV sets, some lanterns, medical prescriptions, 7 chairs, someone's I-pod, and a small hospital bed.

They carried what could be put onto the bus and packed the rest onto a tractor trailer that had been parked outside the building, narrowly avoiding the fate of the vehicles parked inside its garage.

An additional security guard and scientist arrived dragging one of the security turrets in a cart.

"Dr. Cummings, I'm Dr. Sean Palmer a colleague and I were planning on using one of the ceiling turrets to mount onto an SUV, but we were attacked by some sort of worm creature and I never saw him again. I've been dragging this around since and..."

"What the good doctor is trying to say is," the guard interrupted, "Is there room for two more in this convoy?"

"If you can mount that turret onto the bus I don't see why not" Harold pondered.

The duo mounted the turret onto the bus and Dr. Palmer began to lecture the survivors about its capabilities.

"We have equipped the Mark III turret with laser sights, RPG's and automatic guidance systems." Palmer explained.

The accompanying security guard, who identified himself as Michael Selitto, spoke next.

"If the situation worsens and we need to defend ourselves, you can turn on the monitor in the front and assume direct control of the turret using the joystick."

"We also managed to correct several bugs that prevented it from distinguishing between friend and foe." Sean added.

>A security guard started the bus up and the survivors took their seats on the bus.<p>

There were approximately 15 rows of seats and each could fit two people in them. Supplies were scattered in pouches in front of the seats and crammed in bags that were stuffed in overhead compartments. Med kits were piled in the back and bags of snacks were found in the arms of the staff. A single bathroom was situated in the back of the bus.

Each seat was equipped with cup holders, heating, and A/C emitters. Several screens were playing television shows and a few radios were set up transmitting messages from surviving personnel who were still inside.

Harold sat up and started to announce their departure.

>"Well, we're pulling out people. Say goodbye to Black Mesa and fasten your seat belts."<p>

With a jolt, the bus drove out of the old Southwest Access tunnel and onto the interstate. Guthrie leaned over to Harold.

"I always hated this place."

They rode out into the harsh desert and away from the doomed facility.

-  
>Louis ran and swung the bat at the zombified scientist in front of him. The parasite flew off its host's head with a brutal show of force. Alien blood flew across the room and the tortured scientist

underneath finally died, collapsing to the floor. Another zombie stumbled towards him. With his bat at the ready, he parlayed a strike of its claw and with his other hand, punched it in what he assumed was the face. The zombie groaned in pain as it bled a sickening yellow blood. With another blow to its head the monstrosity keeled over dead.<p>

Roger charged ahead the other way, pipe in hand. Facing a zombie, he crushed its skull in on itself with the blunt end of his pipe. It fell to the ground moaning and died. Several more zombies turned to face him from where he had stood seconds earlier. Roger stood frozen in fear.

"I can't take anymore of this madness" he muttered to himself.

He looked back at Louis, who had just severed a zombie through the midsection. Why couldn't he not care about killing his own coworkers? Mutilated and controlled though they were. A part of him wanted to stay and fight them, but there was another side of him that wanted no more of this and would rather curl up and cry in a corner.

Roger could feel his eyes begin to water and tears clouded and blurred his vision. The zombies came closer and there Thompson decided.

At that moment Louis turned to see the scientist scurrying away from several zombies, his pipe lying on the ground.

"What the hell man!? I trusted you!"

But Roger continued to run past the scenes of carnage, until he was far from the place behind him.

## 8. Chapter 8: Plausible Deniability

Chapter 8: Plausible Deniability

Mark stood at the door not believing what had happened.

"I've known Pitchford for almost 22 years. It's hard to believe those bastards just killed him without a second thought."

"He was a good man Mark," Anthony consoled. "But we've got to keep on moving before those grunts come to unlock the door. If we don't, his actions would have been worthless."

"I suppose you're right Murtaugh." He said in agreement.

"I am right. Now let's get going." Anthony said.

Mark turned back to face Anthony.

"What do we do with all these weapons?" He asked.

Anthony leaned against the wall behind him and was quiet in thought for a moment. Returning his attention back to Montague he came to a solution.

"Bring as many of them as you can carry, we'll have to leave the rest

here." He ordered.

The security guards continued down the corridors of Sector Black Mesa. Everything was quiet, save for  
>the occasional distant scream or headcrab who was quickly dispatched.<p>

Finally they arrived in a hallway that lead to the Sector D High Security Storage Facility.

The room was lined with boxes covered in olive green military tarps.

>Several Xen creatures hung from the ceilings.<p>

Anthony looked up at the creature to see its anatomy was simply a mouth with a tongue that hung down like the tentacles of a jellyfish. The room was devoid of marines. Around the corner to the left was a freight elevator labeled surface access.

>Anthony became filled with joy.<p>

"Finally the surface now we can regroup with the others and get out of here!"

Mark stopped him from calling the elevator.

"Hold on a sec. Don't you think this was too easy? We know the marines are silencing everyone in the facility. Why would they set up camp and abandon it? I smell an ambush we better be-"

"We've got guards!" Yelled a squad of grunts who came charging down the stairs.

Anthony felt a searing pain on the right side of his stomach. Looking down, he found himself bleeding out.

Glancing beside him he saw Mark getting hit in the head with the butt of a marine's rifle. Then his world went dark.

For over 5 minutes Roger kept running through the halls of the office complex. Not only had he lost his nerve and abandoned the only living human he had seen in the past several hours, he also lacked any feeling of guilt.

Sure it was great being with another person, but Louis was so below him in intellect that the security guard was inferior to a man such as himself.

"Besides," he thought, "that buffoon lead us straight into a horde of zombies. even if we would have survived that we'd still be wandering aimlessly for an exit! Or at least a rescue team."

Roger continued through the offices and searching for a door to leave the offices when he heard the crackling static of a radio. He walked into an armory room to find the severed arm of a security guard clutching a makeshift handheld radio receiver.

A voice burst over the radio's speakers.

"This is Captain Mennet of Charlie Company. We have cleared the Storage facility of hostiles, captured several prisoners for

interrogation and are making our way towards the office complex. Permission to terminate remaining targets sir?"

A gruff voice sounded an affirmative  
>"Terminate with extreme prejudice" and the radio went silent.<p>

Harold watched as the bus rolled past the desert surrounding Black Mesa. He thought of all the people he knew that hadn't made it out.

To make matters worse, they had already heard a transmission from a few scientists hiding near the main lobby that HECU marines were interrogating and gunning down surviving personnel as part of a cover-up. All military units were now to be avoided or killed on sight.

He had just started to fall asleep when the security guard driving the bus, Walt Cook, alerted the survivors.

"Uh guys? It looks like we're gonna have to pass a military checkpoint!"

Harold poked his head up to gaze out the front windshield. As luck would have it, an entire squad of marines were patrolling a former security guard station. Ominous blood stains leaked out from the doorway. The soldiers glanced in the direction of the bus.

"Aw shit! they've seen us!" Someone moaned.

"I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die!" A female scientist chanted.

James looked around at the group of scientists and security guards. Males and Females. Young and old.

>He knew what he had to do.<p>

Selitto!" He whispered to the guard next to him. "Get that turret started up while I distract them. "

"Are you crazy!" The guard hissed. "They. Will. Kill You!" He urged against it.

James would have none of it.

He stepped out of the bus, and walked straight into the group of soldiers; looking the leader in the eye.

"Hello boys. Would you mind letting us through or are we going to have to do this the hard way?"

The commander simply scoffed at him, bit the cigar wedged in between his teeth, and spit it at Guthrie's face.

"You ain't got shit security scum!" The soldier growled.

"My father served in the marines during the War in Vietnam as did his father before him on Iwo Jima during World War II. He took out a whole pillbox after being hit by a grenade. You meat heads can't even take the time to operate an escort mission let alone an alien

infested cover-up.- You have abandoned the three virtues of the marines. Duty, Honor, Country. You dishonored the title of the United States Marines! "

The commander could take no more sass from the security guard and he whipped out his desert eagle and fired a single shot.

Guthrie hit the dirt and rolled past them as Michael revealed the turret from its hatch on the bus. The ferocity of bullets from the Gatling gun turned the disgraced marines into a useless heap of bullet chewed flesh.

Guthrie was motionless.

## 9. Chapter 9: Torture, Murder, and Smoking

### Chapter 9: Torture, Murder, and Smoking in Public

->Anthony awoke in an office room. His hands were tied tight behind his back. Mark sat unconscious to his right. Opposite from him were a squad of marines. One of the soldiers was complaining to the others.<p>

"Why don't we just kill these bastards NOW!"

"Yeah! Why do we have to finish Cade's interrogation job anyhow?" A bulky African soldier said.

"It's not Captain Mennet's fault he got his ass handed to him by some cheap ass scientist! Makes you wonder what his squad was smoking eh? What the Hell was that wuss's name anyway? Gordon Frohman?"

"No No No. That's not it. Oh right! Gordon Freeman!" The first marine remembered

"What!" Anthony scoffed loudly surprising himself.

"That guy was late for work this morning AND survived ground zero in the test chamber?"

"Well, well, well! Looks like one of these pathetic shits woke up! " announced the second marine who promptly kicked Murtaugh in the shin, adding more pain on top of the wound that was already in his right side, which began bleeding again.

The door behind them swung open revealing a stern faced man in a beret and a scar across his left eye who stepped in.

"Zogg!" The man bellowed.

"Major Kong!" The burly man nervously addressed.

"What did I tell you about harassing that last group of prisoners lieutenant!?" Kong scolded.

"Sorry Sir! won't happen again sir!" He apologized.

Kong cut him off and yelled "Damn straight it won't soldier! Guard

Duty! Pronto!"

The man grumbled and marched out the door obediently.

"Now!" The Major said reducing his tone to a harsh growl.

"Let's make this simple and maybe I won't crack you and your friend's skulls open."

"Look, if you want information on Freeman, I can give it to you. Just let us go. But I don't know what happened here and how."

"Then what do you know about this guy Freeman?" Kong asked.

Murtaugh didn't see any other way out of this for himself or Mark, he had no choice.

"Well," Anthony began, "he started here a few months ago. Occasionally late to work. He goofed off around the labs sometimes and is kind of a narcissist. He's only an associate and usually just winds up pushing a crystal sample into some beam for testing. That's about all I know"

The Major scowled "You pathetic liar! Freeman has been secretly trained in the use of multiple firearms and is responsible for killing dozens of elite soldiers. You're no use to us alive!" he growled.

Kong procured and reloaded a bloodied 357 Magnum Revolver and aimed it at Anthony's face.

"Any last words?" He hissed.

Anthony looked the man in the eyes, then past him. he smiled and calmly answered

"Watch your six!"

Roger Thompson could hardly believe his luck. Soldiers had arrived and were going to rescue us. He had not been used to things going his way for a while. Despite this joyful news, there was a small piece of him that doubted that anyone would be rescued. Roger pushed the pessimistic thoughts from his mind.

"Of course we'll be rescued!" He retorted.

"There is no reason to worry. Tomorrow I'll be in a hotel sipping coffee and watching the Daily Show."

His hopeful dreams of the future were interrupted by the rush of footsteps and the firing of rifles.

"It sounds like the rescue team has arrived!" He said smiling with glee.

He thrust open one of the red office doors and stared into the faces of a squad of marines.

"Thank heavens" He began. " I thought you might have been killed by...by..."

His train of thought was stopped dead in its tracks by what he saw behind the grim faces of his "rescuers".

Several Black Mesa employees lie in a giant pond of blood. Their bullet ridden bodies stacked sloppily in a pile behind the soldiers. Among them was Louis. Perhaps this wasn't a rescue operation, Roger pondered.

"Oh...Oh dear. Killing me will in no way advance this situation."

"Oh really?" The lead marine, whose uniform tag read "Myers", retorted. "How not?"

"Well for one, being a head administrator, I have level 5 security clearance. You need me." Thompson begged.

Another marine came from behind and smacked the scientist's head in with his mp5.

"Randolph take the prisoner topside for questioning!" Lt. Myers ordered.

"Can we kill em afterwards?" Randolph asked.

"No Sgt." Myers said. "Get him on an osprey evac. The Administration can use him for a scapegoat if we need to."

James Guthrie lay prostrate in a growing puddle of blood. Procuring a vial from his lab coat, Harold injected a greenish blue Antibiotic serum into the fallen security guard's arm.

When he finally stirred his voice was hoarse and he coughed up blood.

"I think...this old vest absorbed most of the damage..."

"Well", Cummings stammered. "I suggest we get you back on the bus and treat any wounds you have."

Dr. Palmer and Michael Selitto helped Guthrie to his feet and supported him on either side as they guided him onto the bus.

Laying James on the hospital bed squeezed between the bathroom and the last row of seats, they made their way onto the highway.

Harold gave James a medkit, a pillow and a blanket and told him to get some rest.

They passed a sign on the side of the road. Guthrie looked tiredly at the words.

"Now leaving the Black Mesa Research Facility"

10. Chapter 10: Miscalculated Withdrawal

Chapter 10: Miscalculated Withdrawal

The Major turned his head in a distrusting manner to see what his prisoner was referring to only to find himself being hit in the face with the radioactive green mucus of what could only be described as a reptilian theropod with Cthulhu-esque tentacles for a face.

The snot looking substance slowly peeled away at the marines face, whose facial features melted into sickening red and white layers of blood and flesh that burned all the skin off the screaming man.

The other marine who was in the room barely had a chance to respond, as the squid creature charged at him like a bull does to a matador. Unfortunately for the marine, he had never seen a bullfight.

The creature pummeled the marine with its tail against a corner in the opposite right hand side of the room.

>The repeated blows caused the marine to be sliced into multiple sections, which the squid monster then began to eat grotesquely with its tentacles.<p>

Anthony glanced at the skeletal remains of the major to his left, whose corpse was laying next to a stain of acid on the floor.

Well, not like I have much choice of an escape method he thought, inching his way over to the acidic stain. He watched ever so carefully as he lowered the rope his hands were tied with closely above the acid.

A small flicker of light sparked as the rope began to dissolve around his hands releasing them from his captivity.

The squid monster had not even noticed his escape as Murtaugh recovered the fallen marine's 357 magnum from the man's side and took aim. He found it ironic that he had taken the time to dramatically reload the revolver and it got him killed. Refocusing on the task at hand, he fired two bullets into the creature causing it to stand up and collapse. The recoil from the magnum reminded him that he would need some sort of medical attention soon.

He pocketed a combat knife the soldier had dropped prior to being dismembered and went over to Mark and cut the ropes that were binding him. He placed his hand on Mark's pulse confirming that he was still alive. Anthony searched the office for any medicinal supplies when he found the burlap bag Mark had been carrying since they had stocked up on weapons in the armory. He recovered his Glock and Spas-12 shotgun and slung the bag with the rest of the weapons over his shoulder.

Returning to the main room where he had been held captive he looked on the opposite wall. A lone med kit hung on a post right above where he had been tied up. Without a second thought he took it off the wall and was about to open it when he remembered that Montague was still unconscious. Appealing to his better judgment, he gave it to Mark who was soon able to be revived.

"My god." He laughed softly. "Think you could have made a bigger mess?"

"We don't have time to mess around Mark." Anthony told him. " I have no idea where we are or how we can meet up with the others."

"I take it you didn't take the train to Black Mesa then?" Montague asked.

"Um no I drove here grandpa" he replied like a complete smart-ass.

Mark looked out a window and confirmed his theory.

"Well if my memory is correct. I think we found our freight yards!" Mark continued.

Roger awoke to a deafening level of ringing in his ears. Opening his eyes he found himself to be on a rock formation overlooking the surface outside the High Altitude Launch Center. Several wounded marines were placed on stretchers near him.

Roger turned his head to look at the marines who were shouting into a radio, possibly calling in air strikes on the area below. His hearing slowly began to recover and he started to hear what they were saying...

"Yes sir. All targets were eliminated in the center...Just put him on..."

>...Colonel Lovell? This is Lieutenant Myers of Charlie Company. Karl and Eddie are down and we have a high priority suspect that needs an evac to HQ for questioning! The situation below has been compromised and multiple garrisons were devastated by a 20 foot tall bulletproof monster! Request evac immediately!"<p>

"Copy that Lieutenant. We are sending Goose 2 and Goose 9 to your position. Ospreys Inbound in 2"

"Minutes Sir?"

"Negative Lieutenant! Hours! Over and out."

Myers turned to the marine next to him. "Corporal Kurtz, finish pulling the wounded out of the rail system and bring them here."

The Corporal obeyed and grappled down the side of the formation.

Roger didn't know if being evacuated and questioned was better or worse for him, but he wanted out of here more than anything.

"Well Lieutenant, looks like the brass really bit off more than they could chew. This is way worse than the time in Ukraine huh?" Sergeant Randolph asked.

Before Myers could comment a bloodied marine came running up the rock formation. The perspiration soaked man could barely speak.

"Private Reynolds! what in hell happened down there!"

"It's Freeman sir!" Reynolds choked out. He's on his way through the materials transport and most of our turrets are damaged."

"How much of the heavy artillery is still usable?" Myers asked him.

"3 Brownings and 2 Double turrets sir." He responded weakly.

"That's not going to hold him. Report back to your squad"

"Lieutenant Myers I have no squad." Reynolds said before collapsing on a cot.

"I see." Myers answered. "Pull everyone we have left back towards the rally point."

## 11. Chapter 11: Death From Above and Below

### Chapter 11: Death From Above and Below

Anthony raised his shotgun and peered around the corner of what he was told was the yard manager's office. The other marine was nowhere in sight. He motioned that it was clear and Mark led the way out of the ransacked office with Murtaugh hauling the duffel bag behind him.

Mark made his way down the hall and upon reaching the end noticed a trail of blood leading into a closed storage closet. Groaning and muffling was heard behind the door.

"Ya know" Anthony said. "Something tells me I'm really not going to like what's behind door number 1!"

The mutilated corpse of a zombified marine broke down the door and started clawing at where the guards just were. With the butt end of his shotgun, Anthony delivered a crushing blow on the zombie, who fell to the floor gurgling and dead.

Mark peered into the closet and found the former marine's MP5.

>"Looks like I can solve up to 800 problems a minute now!" he said grinning.<p>

He led Anthony to the security armory of the building only to find it was empty. Mark looked behind the desk and found the body of his old boss Randy Van Dolan. He turned away from his fallen co worker and followed a door that lead to a hallway. The blood of a squad of HECU Marines who were mostly nothing more than chunks of flesh lay scattered around the walls and the floor leading to a door out. He opened it revealing a large storage room that contained two train containers and stacks of food and soda. The container on the left held several dead and frozen electrical aliens, while the container on the right held a dead scientist whom he identified as Dr Doug Heironimus. He had obviously been beaten to death after an interrogation.

Mark walked around the second container and they went through a storage closet that looped around to one of the freight yards. It consisted of two train tracks that were separated by a covered platform. On the tracks were two more containers; one which had had two spindles next to it but had since fallen off, the other one was empty and had contained a 50 caliber turret which had been opened and set up.

>On the opposite side were two large heavy blast doors that had

already been opened. In the path of the 50 caliber were the bullet riddled corpses of 12 HECU marines. The two continued through the blast doors and found a scientist seemingly waiting for them.<p>

"Oh! Hello there!" He said startled.

>"A security guard freed me and a colleague from those cargo containers. He destroyed two garrisons of soldiers and a tank and...I simply lost my nerve. They went on ahead without me. I do hope they're all right."<p>

"Judging by the look of the previous HECU camps I'd say those lucky bastards already made their escape or died trying. " Anthony concluded. Mark continued the conversation. "We're trying to regroup with several other survivors from Sector C. Care to join us?"

"Well, I don't see why not" the scientist said.

"Perhaps we should introduce ourselves." Anthony proposed.

"Right you are. I'm Doctor Stephen Walker. I was in the Infirmary during the experiment. I revived a friendly soldier who later left for his air craft's crash site to recover a radio. He never came back."

"I'm Anthony Murtaugh, I was at the front desk of Sector C when it all happened. Some colleagues of mine were helping a wounded friend of mine while the two of us were sent to gather supplies. The marines came in and killed one of the scientists after he sent the others to the freight yards."

"And I'm Mark Montague. Alright, Introductions over let's go!"

They walked past another set of blast doors to find an M35 Cargo Truck with its top blown off opposite

>The shouldering remains of an M1A1 Abrams.<p>

"Oh....My....God!" Anthony stuttered.

"Quit gawking and just get to the trains you two, you're worse than a couple of tourists in New York!"

After an agonizing 5 hours of waiting, the osprey finally arrived. The wounded were moved on first. The sun was starting to set when all the evacuees were ready to go. Finally Lieutenant Myers approached the final osprey to find the man in charge of the osprey. Looking around he saw Captain Kilmore of Bravo Company." Kilmore?!" He asked. " I thought you made evac already?"

"I did. But I'm not gonna miss taking another shot at some bogeys!"

Myers looked back at Roger. "Think you could take this level 5 scientist back to HQ for questioning? I have Clearance from Colonel Lovell for it."

"Yeah but I can't guarantee it'll be quick we're on standby for air support." Kilmore responded as he loaded Roger onto the aircraft.

"That'll do sir." He turned to wave the osprey off. "Semper Fi sir!"

"Semper Fi Lieutenant!" Kilmore yelled back.

Roger could see the dust begin to stir as the osprey took off from the rock formation leaving the other soldiers behind. He hoped that there would be no delays. The marines' loud talking made it impossible for him to think of what might happen to him when they arrive. Suddenly the radio burst to life with the sound of panic.

"This is Indigo company! We are held up in the desert near Topside Motor pool and are being overrun by zappers! Request air support immediately. Oh god there's dozens of them! Give us everything you've got!"

"Roger that Indigo Company." The Colonel radioed back. "We are heading to your position now. It is advised that you use whatever cover is available! Over."

the osprey made a sharp left turn and flew past a bombed out building that Roger barely recognized as where he had parked his car this morning. "oh shit!" He thought. "There goes my Prius!"

His thoughts were interrupted by distant small arms fire. The sounds echoed over the canyons as they grew closer to the source of the commotion. At last the noise was close enough to see. A squad of soldiers were trying to hold off several dozen of the vortiguants. The osprey flew closer to the battle below. Then they started their attack run. They flew lower and one of the marines started opening fire with a mounted mini gun as they flew over the aliens.

An alien aircraft that resembled a stingray zoomed past them and started unloading armored alien soldiers. The soldiers started shooting a biological weapon at the surviving marines. It seemed to be an insect similar to a hornet in its method of attacking. Its enemies were stung with sharp, needle like, thorns.

The osprey made a second pass on the aliens below. The turret operating marine ripped through the armor of an alien soldier exposing its weak flesh to small arms fire from the marines on the ground.

Another HECU soldier in the osprey lugged an RPG onto his shoulders and fired it at the retreating alien aircraft. The force of the blast causing it to be hurled down and land directly on a vortigant who was about to deliver the coup de grace on an injured marine.<p>

"Nice shot Basilone! Kilmore praised the young marine while swigging from his coffee mug. "You've just won your squad a case of beer for tonight!"

Switching to a grenade launcher, the osprey gunner fired several shots at the remaining aliens.

"You smell that men? It's the smell of victory!" Kilmore commented.

The osprey landed, picked up the surviving marines, and continued on its way back to HQ

## 12. Chapter 12: The Great Escapegoat

### Chapter 12: The Great Escapegoat

Anthony, Mark, and Stephen followed the trail of debris into a warehouse. Mark explained their path to Anthony and Stephen.

"This warehouse is connected to a rail line that will take us straight to the turnstile. From there the trains are only a stone's throw away."

The rail lines seemed to be largely untouched save for a hole in the blast doors that was a few feet off the ground. Luckily, there was a cargo bed that was next to it.

Anthony spoke up. "

If we do this right, we might be able to squeeze through that hole and into the turnstile yard"

"Not like we have any other options"

Mark muttered.

Mark helped Dr. Walker through the rabbit hole and they crouched into the turntable yard. A large covered storage platform that was probably once used for storing trains had been used as a staging area for the soldiers. The soldiers however were all dead. Victims of an earlier firefight several hours ago. A turntable was in the center of the yard. Behind it was an operating booth. Three dead marines lay in front of the door to the booth. Inside a deceased security guard lay on his chest behind the controls.

"This the security guard you were following?" Mark asked the scientist.

"No. The name on his ID tag read Barney Calhoun. According to this man's card, his name is...Brian Armstrong."

"Isn't Calhoun the one who usually hangs around the bars?" Anthony asked.

"Yeah." Mark replied. "Who'd of thought he'd still be alive!"

Montague opened a door on the far left side of the yard and looked in.

>the train station was an archaic leftover from the golden days of railway travel. The station was probably built before the turn of the century from the looks of the Victorian Era Architecture and the peeling wallpaper that remained. The antique floor was covered in a thick layer of dust and broken windows hung ajar. Rotting wooden planks covered up a tunnel on their right, while a warehouse stood in front of the station. Adjacent to the station were the supply rails that fed the technical and nutritional needs of the Black Mesa Facility. Those trains had already left a week ago and would not

return until next month.<p>

"Man this place is in bad shape"

Anthony observed wiping a layer of dust off the walls.

"This building probably hasn't been in use since the 60's when the railroads died down."

Mark reminisced.

"Maybe we could find a train in that warehouse and fix it up."  
Suggested Anthony.

"That just might work. Before I worked at Black Mesa, I operated trains back home. If we can manage to get one working we might be able to get out of here." Mark concluded.

"Didn't you mention finding some friends of yours Murtaugh?"

Stephen reminded them.

Mark agreed. "There is an older section of the transit system that the others should have taken. It should be on the red line of the system. Get over there and bring them back here. Ok Murtaugh?"

"Yeah um, Mark? how do I access the red line from here?" Anthony asked the occupied security guard.

"Oh right. Just remove those planks over there." Mark said pointing to the rotting pile of wood."

Murtaugh picked up a wrench from off the floor and clenching it tight in his grasp, he brought it down hard several times, breaking the boards like a tooth pick.

The old foreboding tunnel beckoned him into it as he switched on his flash light with his left hand and, raised his Glock with his right. The sounds of water dripping onto the floor was the only noise he could hear as he went deeper into the tunnels and hopefully, towards his friends...

it was nightfall when the osprey finally arrived at HECU Headquarters. Two soldiers yanked him off the osprey and held him in place as they approached the command bunker.

A Military Police soldier stood at attention, ever vigilant as he pressed a code into a keypad on the door and let them in. Continuing down a corridor, they arrived in a massive room and strapped him to a chair facing a man in an executive arm chair that was turned around surrounded by screens monitoring troop movements, diagnostics of hostile aliens on the move, and footage that showed a drone strike on 20 foot tall monstrosities. The man turned his chair around. Roger's eyes struggled to adjust to the loss of light in the room. At first only the man's lit cigar was visible, then his shades; until at last roger could stare down the man who had ordered this infamous and illegal assault on the facility. He had a blonde crew cut and wore an informal red tank top and jeans. Quite unusual for a general, he thought. His soulless eyes were shrouded by his dark shades that seemed to penetrate Roger's inner most thoughts. Finally he

spoke.

"Do you know why you're here, Roger...Thompson?" He said looking down at a hand held tablet.

Roger wanted to say so much to this man, to spit on his boots and insult him in the most vile manner. But he was at a loss for words.

Seeing his captive's unwillingness to respond this general simply answered for him.

"You are here because the administration has found you to be an invaluable resource to explain to us what happened."

Roger still was resisting the urge to speak.

"If you won't tell us what happened...Mr. Thompson." the general grinned evilly. "Then I'm not going to interrogate you... I'm gonna kick your ass." He sternly said pulling out a golden 1911 Colt Pistol and aiming it at Roger's forehead.

"Well, what'll it be Mr. Thompson?"  
>the man said standing up.<p>

Roger could take no more sass from this ass and defiantly tried to rise from his seat and spoke harshly.

"That's Dr. Thompson to you!"

"I'll take that as a yes." The general said as he summoned two marines to him. "Take...Dr. Thompson here to his room, put him on an AC-130 plane to Washington tomorrow for a session with congress. Make sure the media will find another celebrity scandal so the public is distracted from any reports that may leak out."

"Yes sir" the marines barked taking Roger by the arms and escorting him to his room.

### 13. Chapter 13: All Aboard the Clusterfuck

#### Chapter 13: All Aboard the Clusterfuck Express

Anthony Murtaugh went deeper into the abandoned tram tunnels that would hopefully reunite him with his friends. Hopefully Pat was well enough to walk now. He continued down the tunnel until he heard footsteps coming his way he started to aim his Glock at the noise and he pointed his flashlight in the general direction it was coming from. Then another flashlight was aimed at him. Murtaugh was blinded by the light. He shouted "Freeze!"

To which they responded with a confused "Murtaugh?"

Anthony's vision started to return and he recognized the three faces looking back at him. On the left was Dr. Isabel Stelly, a blonde scientist that Mark had introduced him to after escaping from Sector C. Next to her was Dr. Gregory Foster, an older man who he had found with the scientist on the right,

>Dr Marie Spencer, who abruptly ran up to Anthony and hugged

him.<p>

"Thank god you're all right!" She exclaimed. "First Dr. Pitchford and Pat and-and then you and Mark! We thought you were-"

"Wait? Pat's dead?" Murtaugh interrupted with a concerned look on his face.

Dr. Foster corrected them. "Now now...We don't know for \*\*sure\*\* that he's dead...You see Anthony, we were over by Sector E's Materials Transport when the Marines stopped our tram from a ways behind. O'Connor told us that he would divert their attention while we grabbed what we could and escaped and he would meet us up ahead. They must have chased him down to the turnstile and...he never came back. We walked all the way here."

Anthony reflected on Foster's words until he made up his mind. "I'm going back for him." He announced.

"Are you insane?" Gregory asked.

"Maybe. But I know he'd do the same for me." Murtaugh replied.

"I'll go with you." Marie said

"Well you two better hurry down there." Dr. Stelly advised.

"Do we take the tunnel straight ahead?" Foster asked.

"Yeah" replied Anthony.

Drs. Foster and Stelly headed towards the train station, while Marie and Anthony went back to look for Pat.

After an arduous walk, Roger was escorted to a dimly lit room on the other end of the bunker. The walls were made of grimy stone and the bed had been bitten into in several spots. Probably mice, he thought. Next to his bed was an old table. It's plaster white paint was all but peeled in most places and a few blades of grass grew between the cracks in the old floor tiles.

Roger tried to will himself to sleep, but the images of that day impaired his attempts to rest. The disemboweled corpse of his secretary Miss Charles, the moaning of the semi-conscious zombies, and the bodies...just everywhere you looked you barely recognized the bloated bodies of people you had seen in the halls. People he talked to on a daily basis. People he didn't even know, and now he never would.

Roger wondered how he had survived. He never even took the Hazard Course Training Simulator. Roger had exempted himself from the mandatory testing as he was mentally superior to anyone else in the facility. Perhaps that was why he was still alive. He was a god compared to the security guards and a genius in regards to the science team.

After what seemed like ages he finally fell asleep.

## Chapter 14: "Suddenly Someone is There at the Turnstile"

Anthony and Marie continued down the hall on their way to the turnstile control room.

Anthony peeked around the corner of the maintenance passage for any hostile aliens or marines. Only the smell of decaying head crabs and electric vortiguants greeted him as he rounded the corridor.

A collapsed walkway littered the floor below the entrance to the control room.

"Could you give me a lift?" Anthony asked.

"I'll give it a shot"

Marie answered him as she lifted him up to the edge of the platform. Her strength surprised him, and he reached for the ledge and held it tight.

Anthony crawled up the edge of the catwalk and opened the door to the turnstile control room. The room had obviously seen some action. A small stain of blood was on the floor and a health station was broken on the left side of the room. In the middle of it all, was Pat O'Conner sitting against the wall bleeding to death. Pat wearily lifted his head to look at the recent arrival.

"Did...the others...make it to the freight yards ok?" Pat asked.

Anthony looked down pitifully at his friend.

"They're all waiting for you." He said forcing a smile.

O'Conner sighed

"Look...I-I'm not gonna pull through... this time." He said with difficulty.

"You'll be alright Pat, just stay there and I'll get you a medkit." Anthony ordered.

"I...appreciate what you did for me...back in the labs...I know I couldn't ask for a better friend to spend my last minutes with."

"There's...an...elevator outside this room..follow the red pipes and they'll...lead you to, the rail yards where the others said we would regroup...About that beer I owe ya...sorry."

With that, Pat O'Conner breathed his last and died.

Murtaugh took Pat's 357 revolver and holstered it. After walking out onto the platform he jumped down behind Marie who let out a shriek.

"Good God Anthony!? You almost gave me a heart attack. How's Pat?"

The grave expression on Murtaugh's face said it all.

"He's dead Marie." He said solemnly.

"How can I get anyone out of here alive if I can't even help my best friend?" He lamented

"Maybe you can start by helping me" Marie said as she answered him with a kiss.

Their lips interlocked for what seemed like minutes.

"Well....umm....we'd better head back." She said.

## 15. Chapter 15: A Civilized and Calm Evac

### Chapter 15: A Civilized and Calm Evacuation Plan

Roger woke up early to the sounds of shouting and the rolling thunder of aircraft over head. Platoons of marines sprinted down the hallways as bombs exploded far away.

A marine smacked open his door and yanked Roger to his feet.

"Listen here you piece of worthless dog meat. Orders have been given to pull out and it looks like you get to take a trip to Washington and testify on behalf of Black Mesa."

"What in the name of sub atomic particles do you mean pulling out? Are you serious? Have the alien creatures really overrun the facility?"

"To answer your questions in order, evacuation dipshit, yes, and for the truly epic Lolz...duh."

An officer ran up to the marine and saluted him.

"Sgt. Hess Reporting sir! AC-130 is stocked and waiting for evac! Sir!"

"Good! Dismissed" The Marine yelled.

The first marine grabbed roger by his tie and dragged him down the hallway. A peculiar aircraft flew right over the building and shot a beam at the building. The ceiling began to collapse above them, blocking them from getting to the hanger.

"God Damn it!" The soldier cursed. Grabbing A hold of Roger, he nearly knocked him over in his rush to the hanger.

Several wounded soldiers were being carried as they made their way past the infirmary. Roger couldn't anticipate where he would be choked into going to next in the maze of corridors in the base. Finally they reached the other side of the hanger and he entered the 4 digit code to let them in.

The roof had been mostly bombed out and a lone pilot stood on the ramp to the plane.

"Come on! Hurry up or you'll be permanent residents!" The man yelled. The two got into the AC-130 as the hallway they had been in collapsed from a stray artillery shell. The engines stalled as the pilot stumbled to get into the cockpit. A few levers later the plane was airborne and made a hasty exit off the runway, just as the airfield was engulfed by an explosion that rocked the ground beneath them, creating sinkholes and cracks in the surface.

The shaky plane was on its way.

## 16. Chapter 16: Tying Knots in Loose Ends

### Chapter 16: Tying Knots in Loose Ends

Meanwhile, the afternoon back at the train station in black Mesa was more majestic than the sunrise at the military base.

With the help of the other scientists, Mark and Stephan found a suitable engine and were able to operate it. However, the train being as old as it was would not be exactly bullet proof if they came up against the HECU again.

Stephen sat in the front of the train driving it. Everyone else was in the cabin car while a small caboose trailed behind. Mark and Anthony were assigned to guard the train from anything hostile.

The train rolled loudly and awkwardly as it pulled out of the station and onto the main track. The old train station began to shrink behind them as they left. Black Mesa began to fall back into the sun behind them when the first bullets started to fly.

Stray fire came from behind them as a squad of 3 black ops humvees began their chase. Anthony hollered to Mark.

"What guns do we got Mark?" He asked.

"We've got your shotgun, my mp5, my desert eagle, several Glocks, and 2 shotguns." Mark answered shaking his head.

"Nothing we can use to blow up a few humvees?" Anthony asked again.

"Unless you wanna use grenades at them, then no."

Murtaugh grabbed the grenades and returned to the caboose. He only had 5 grenades to take out the 3 humvees that were closing in on the train. Anthony guessed they were about 30 feet behind them.

Picking up the first grenade, he yanked the pin out and threw it towards the leading humvee. The grenade bounced off and exploded harmlessly on the ground behind it.

"Damnit!" He muttered as he ducked to avoid assault rifle fire from a black ops soldier who had stood up in the ring mount of one humvee.

Grabbing another grenade, Anthony again pulled out the pin and threw it towards the man firing at him. An explosion rocked the inside of

the humvee, as the man on top's suit caught fire and he silently jumped out, rolling in the dirt behind them. His humvee continued on without him.

Anthony checked the bag. He had 3 grenades left. The humvee he had hit was still aflame and the inside was now a blazing inferno. The driver was no doubt burning as he tried to vainly steer it into the train in a suicide attack. The steering system damaged, he turned the wheel hard causing it to veer off to the side of the train and crash down a cliff.

"One down, two to go" He said.

Picking a grenade he threw it at the leading humvee. The driver dodged the grenade and pulled to his right. The other humvee followed the lead vehicle and drove right over the grenade which shattered the chassis, ignited the fuel, and caused it to erupt into a fireball. It's burnt wreck left no survivors.

"One left!" Anthony called out. Throwing his next grenade he hollered, "Now explode for me!"

The grenade landed with a thud as it landed directly onto the hood of the vehicle. "C'mon! Blow up!" he muttered. But it just stayed there without exploding.

The damn thing was a dud!

The lead humvee was now only 10 feet behind the back of the train. A squad of black ops soldiers began to jump onto the roof of the caboose while an assassin armed with a silenced pistol hopped onto the roof of the humvee and fired at Murtaugh.

"Mark we're gonna have company!" he shouted back.

Mark grabbed his desert eagle and an mp5 and raced to defend the front of the train from the roof.

Mark caught the soldiers in their tracks. He aimed his MP5 and fired several bursts at the first of the soldiers.

The soldier rolled to the side of the bullets and brought out his P228 pistol and fired it at Montague's head.

Mark ducked and rolled forward shooting his MP5 into the black ops' abdomen and the soldier was dead before he hit the floor. Or was it the roof?

Another soldier climbed up onto the train and aimed his M-16 firing several shots at Mark's chest. Mark hit the floor and shot the man with his desert eagle.

The soldier hobbled backwards while another one came onto the roof. The third soldier charged into Montague and hit him with his rifle, causing Mark to stumble.

The second soldier started to recover and he struggled to aim his M-16. Mark brought the second soldier to his level and kicked him in the face. Quickly picking himself up, Mark lined up his mp5 and killed the first soldier and then the second. Taking the first

soldier's pistol he slung the mp5 over his shoulder strap and held his deagle in one hand and the pistol in the other.

Meanwhile in the caboose Anthony was involved in a fire fight with an assassin on the Humvee. Taking cover behind a crate, Murtaugh reloaded his Glock. Stealth rolling to his left he tossed his last grenade at the humvee breaking the windshield and landing directly in the driver's lap!

"Blow up!" he growled. He muttered again "blow up damnit!" As if he could convince it, but it did nothing. Standing up he aimed his Glock at the grenade, fired and yelled "Blow up you son of a-" but before he finished the grenade exploded sending shards of the Humvee all over. But not before the black ops assassin had leaped from the humvee onto the back of the train.

She knocked his Glock to the back of the caboose but Anthony struck first with an uppercut to the jaw of the assassin who inhumanly shook it off and kicked him in the chest. Murtaugh had the wind knocked out of him and walked back to recover. The assassin would not allow that as she front flipped behind him and smacked him down on the ground. He got up again and was greeted with a punch to the face that he avoided. He tried to punch her, but she darted to his left and delivered a sharp kick in his thigh causing him to nearly lose his balance.

Steadying himself, Anthony kicked the assassin in the chest. She quickly recovered and tried to punch him but he skillfully caught her hand and yanked it to the side allowing him to deliver two simultaneous punches into her chest and one to her face.

Their fight continued further to the back edge of the caboose. She grabbed hold of Anthony's leg as he attempted to kick her again. Although he was locked in a vulnerable position he freed his arms and hit her face twice causing her to let go of him. The assassin stumbled back ready to collapse when she saw it. The Glock 17 pistol. Picking it up she limply aimed at Anthony and fired until it would need to be reloaded. She had hardly ceased firing when she fell down too tired to finish him off.

Anthony looked to see that he had four bullets shot into his chest. Two had been stopped by his Kevlar vest, the other two were penetrated into his chest. In addition, two bullets were lodged in his leg. One right below his knee, the other in his thigh. The last bullet had missed completely.

Anthony started to bleed, losing his strength with every drop of blood. Using his last reserve of energy, he limped over to the weary assassin; picked her up and struggled to carry her to the back of the train. Anthony threw her over the back of the train landing hard on the dry desert ground below. Murtaugh fell over exhausted and bleeding profusely from the bullet wounds below his right knee and in his abdomen.

Our escape is complete, he thought. We've held our ground and our foes are all dead. From the corner of his eye, Anthony could see the others racing towards him.

"Oh my god!" Marie shouted. "Anthony?!" She crouched down next to him. His vision began to fade as the agonizing faces of his friends

looked down on him.

"Oh god no!" Marie moaned

"There there Dr. Spencer..." Dr. Foster said trying to consult her.

"C'mon buddy, snap out of it!" Mark pleaded.

Murtaugh could feel the cold begin to surround him as he began to lose consciousness. He knew he had only moments to live. "Marie..." He whispered. "I know.." she answered between sobs.

Anthony waited for the icy hand of death to consume him. It would come any moment. He closed his eyes, he was not afraid to go even if he was unwilling.

But it didn't arrive...

"I'm afraiid Your duty is not finisssshed Missster Murtaugh"  
>A snake-like voice said<p>

Anthony opened his eyes. The world he had known was disappearing around him. "No" he mouthed. The train and the desert around him morphed into the form of the tram he had taken over a day ago. Its other occupants were gone and he saw the man the voice was coming from in front of him.

He was extremely pale and was dressed in a blue, expensive looking three piece suit. His slick black hair was crowned by a widows peak and his green eyes seemed to pierce into Murtaugh's very soul.

I trusst this isss not the mosst...conveeniant time to in-tro-duce myself but I am a verrry...bussy man in these...troubled timesss.

That brings me to my...matter of businessss with you Mr. Murtaugh. Myyyy...employerrsssss have decided to offffer you a job asss they find that you havvve...untapped talentss.

Of coursssse you will be required to be lefft in my care until thisss sit-uation resolvesss itsself. Thiss will be ratherrr obvious to you over the years...

what other choiiiice do you have anyway as your...train...isss heading towards an...unplanned...s-top...

Anthony thought the man's offer over. He could either allow his friends to die with him or give them a chance if he will work for some freak he hardly knows for an indefinite amount of time.

"Fine...just...promise me you'll save my friends. They're all I've got to keep me going. From one tired soul to another?"

The man thought it over.

"A mannnnn will fight for his friendsssss..." He admitted reluctantly.

"Verry well then. Missster Murtaugh. You \*\*will\*\* owe me for this act of mercocy. I will ssssee you on the otherrrr ssside."

Subject: Anthony Murtaugh

Status: Employed

## 17. Chapter 17: Springtime for Harold

### Chapter 17: Springtime for Harold

->The AC-130 zoomed over the Black Mesa Research Facility. The main facility was out of sight as they flew over Sector G's Hydro Electric Dam.<p>

A colossal alien was tied up in the middle of the dam. It's deafening roar could be heard even at the aircraft's present height of 2,157 feet.

Several marines that grew increasingly small with every minute were desperately trying to blow the monstrosity with explosives.

One of the marines reattached the wiring and pressed down on the handle of the dynamite.

The center of the dam disappeared in a cloud of fire, leaving only the smoking remains of the dam's midsection.

The AC-130 climbed higher to 10,000 then 20,000 feet before stopping at around 31,000 feet.

The pilot's voice sounded over the intercom.

"We are about 6 miles above the facility we should be out of the way of the air strike zone."

"Air strike?" Roger said in disbelief.

"With a little luck we'll be away from those things too". The marine mumbled into the intercom.

The sounds of bullets and distant aliens grew softer as they flew farther away from Black Mesa.

Then a faint humming could be heard. It got louder and louder as if it was coming closer. Suddenly, an alien aircraft flew over top of the AC-130. The bright green beam fired into the plane and then it flew away.

For a second, Roger thought it might have missed...

That was when he saw the engines, or rather what was left of them. A flaming hole was all that remained where the right engines should have been.

the plane started to go into a nosedive. The soldiers were frantically trying to regain control of the plane.

>hypoxia began to set in as the plane picked up speed, and Roger lost

consciousness.<p>

Walt Cook, the guard who was driving, motioned for Harold to come up towards the front of the bus.

"That's the third news van I've seen in the past 5 miles" Walt said dryly.

"You don't suppose word's gotten out of what's happened do you? What will people think if..."

"The people will think what the government wants them to think Walt!" Harold interrupted. "We can't convince them otherwise."

"Well where do you suggest we go? We're all wanted fugitives now" Walt asked.

"I think I know of a place" Harold said.

"When I was working as an undergraduate there was a place I did a study on for a report. It was some kind of recommissioned mine shaft built during the Cold War as a last resort in case life on the surface became...inhospitable. A nuclear holocaust scenario right out of a movie ya know? Anyhow the government abandoned it when the Soviet Union collapsed. I suggest we head there."

"You don't happen to remember where it is do you?" Cook said.

"As a matter of fact I do. It's in northern Vermont right off the main highway. Of course, all we'll see is a mine shaft inside a mountain. We'll unload everything out of the trailer when we get there." Harold assured him.

## 18. Chapter 18: A Plane Too Far

### Chapter 18: A Plane Too Far

Roger awoke slowly. The last thing he remembered was the loss of the right engine and the worried faces of the soldiers. Thompson opened his eyes. The plane was in a total free fall. In the time he had been out the plane had only gone 1 mile down.

>There were still 5 miles between the AC-130 and the unforgiving ground below.<p>

Perhaps the pilots could still recover the plane. He thought.

Roger looked at the cockpit and saw that the pilots had both been burned to a crisp.

He could take it no more.

"Oh god we're all going to die here! I don't deserve this! What did I ever do to deserve this?! I Don't want to die! There's so much I've always wanted to see and now I never will! The sunsets of Jamaica! the-the snows of Tibet! I'll never see them! We never should have allowed that additional sampling of nucleotide into the anti-mass-spectrometer! It's simple chemistry! Am I the only scientist who went to college here?! Now I'll be stuck looking at fuel monitors and cargo nets for the rest of my fucking life!"

Gaaahhh! I don't want to die!" Roger lamented.

He curled up into a ball in his seat and waited for the plane to crash.

>By now the AC-130 was falling more than 157 miles per hour.<p>

At this rate, Thompson thought, collision with the surface will occur in less than two minutes!

Roger thought back on the events that had lead him to fear flying in the first place.

He was 5. He and his father were waving goodbye to his mother as she boarded American Airlines Flight 191. The plane took off, lost its right engine and crashed into a nearby field leaving no survivors. The only portion of his mother's remains that were found, was her ring finger and most of her lower jaw. Roger was traumatized.

The Ac-130 was only seconds from crashing into the desert below.

Roger thought of all the things he had ever done wrong, and hoped beyond hope that he would die quickly. The world flew past the windows as

>the Ac-130 crashed hard into the ground. Debris flew out of the crater from the impact the plane had caused. Fires burned through most of the wreckage.<p>

Charred, unrecognizable and barely alive, Roger Thompson tried to see around himself. A strange sound came from behind him. He tried turn his head around but something obscured his vision and he couldn't move. Something else forced itself up and moaned.

The End

End  
file.